

## in the back of your mind

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32390335) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32390335>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Technoblade &amp; TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">No Romantic Relationship(s)</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Technoblade - Character</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Philza</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Aliens</a> , <a href="#">Head Injury</a> , <a href="#">Concussions</a> , <a href="#">Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Sickfic</a> , <a href="#">technically</a> , <a href="#">Swordfighting</a> , <a href="#">Family Bonding</a> , <a href="#">Bedrock Bros</a> , <a href="#">Science Fiction</a> , <a href="#">Alien Cultural Differences</a> , <a href="#">Humans are space orcs</a> , <a href="#">Humans Are Weird</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of <a href="#">Human Error</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">Purrsonal Picks</a> , <a href="#">Humans Are Space Orcs</a> , <a href="#">Found family to make me feel something</a> , <a href="#">Completed stories I've read</a> , <a href="#">Fanfics I'd eat again at 3 am and already have</a> , <a href="#">Dsmf fics</a> , <a href="#">lee's favorite fics that you should definitely read as well :)</a> , <a href="#">Eon's MCYT Fic Recommendations</a> , <a href="#">I LOVE SPACE FICS</a> , <a href="#">phoenix's mcyt fics &lt;3</a> , <a href="#">I liked these fics and I finished them</a> , <a href="#">DreamSMPFics</a> , <a href="#">SBI but I'm ✨M e n t a l l y I l l ✨</a> , <a href="#">finished fics i've read</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-07-05 Words: 2,290 Chapters: 1/1

# in the back of your mind

by [teeth\\_eater](#)

## Summary

It takes Techno giving Tommy a severe concussion while trying to teach him how to sword fight for them to bond.

It actually seems pretty on-brand.

## Notes

warnings for mild blood and injury

jsut a oneshot i wrote for an ask on tumblr. technoconcern.

takes place immediately after five times tommy was an anomaly and one time he wasn't. i strongly recommend reading that first, as this wont make a lick of sense otherwise.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It's not that Tommy doesn't *get along* with Techno, it's just that they are so vastly *different*. Tommy is loud and boisterous and impulsive, all the things that Techno *isn't*. That's not to say that Tommy doesn't love him, he does, as much as it pains him to admit it. But they disagree on a lot of things, and Tommy *still* wakes up with nightmares of being restrained by Techno when he was first caught. Techno wouldn't be able to hold him down anymore, not with the way Tommy's been working on steadily building up his health back to a normal state, but Tommy still shudders at the memory of being knocked out by the person he now considers family.

Though he would never, *ever* tell Techno any of that. The piglin is emotionally constipated enough as it is, the last thing Tommy wants is to talk about *feelings* with him. That isn't his area of expertise anyway, emotions are more of Phil's territory.

Still, he finds himself gravitating to Techno all the same. Irritatingly, he even starts to find himself *looking up to him*, which makes Tommy want to scream. He is a big man! The biggest man! The only person he needs to look up to is in the mirror!

Even so, he can't help the little swell of awe that rises in his chest when he watches Techno fight, destroying the training dummies with all the grace of a trained dancer. Which is especially impressive considering his bulk. He doesn't look like he was built to pull off the agile twists and spins that he's executing, but here he is all the same.

Tommy cheers when Techno drives his sword through a dummy's chest. Why he has a need for a sword when he already has a badass space blaster strapped to his hip is anyone's guess, but Tommy isn't here to split hairs. Techno gives him an annoyed glance over his shoulder, but Tommy is getting good enough at reading alien expressions to see a bit of fondness in his eyes as well.

"What are you doing here?" Techno asks, sheathing his sword and walking over to where Tommy sits against the wall.

"Can't a man watch a good fight?" Tommy says, smile quirking on his lips. He hands Techno a water pouch and the piglin takes it gratefully, drinking it like it's the last water he'll ever see. He throws the pouch to the side before continuing.

"Yeah right, what are you really here for? Wilbur set the kitchen on fire again?"

Tommy barks out a laugh, standing.

"Fine, you got me. Teach me how to fight." Tommy demands, standing straight and looking Techno directly in the eye. Techno tilts his head, the piglin equivalent of raising an eyebrow, and snorts in amusement.

"Don't you already know how to fight?" The piglin asks, reaching for another water pouch. "You eviscerated an entire ship full of people like, two and a half months ago."

"That was *street fighting*, " Tommy complains, going boneless against the wall. "I only know how to fight *dirty* , you know, go for the eyes and stuff. You fight like..." Tommy trails off, but Techno seems to get the idea anyway, looking away in embarrassment.

" *Fine* ," Techno says after a few seconds of hesitation. Tommy is honestly a little surprised, he would have expected to do a lot more arguing before Techno used his precious time to train Tommy. "Get up and grab a training sword."

Tommy scrambles to do so, a wide smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. He usually wouldn't show so much teeth around other people, but it's less of a concern with Techno, what with his tusks constantly on display, it would be a little exhausting to see all showing of teeth as a threat.

Tommy grabs a sword off the wall. They're all similar enough to not really think too hard about which one to get. It's some sort of black plastic, heavy enough to match the weight of a real sword so Tommy doesn't get thrown off when he switched out the training blade for a real one. Tommy rushes back over to Techno once he has a firm grip on his sword, holding it out blade first at the piglin with a wry grin.

"Avast thee!" He shouts, grinning. Techno pushes the blade away from his face.

"Do you actually want to learn how to use a sword or just mess around?" Techno asks flatly.

"Both." Comes the simple reply. Techno sighs deeply before walking over to stand by his side. Tommy tenses a little at how close his hands are to his neck, but he forces his shoulders to relax. A lack of trust won't help anything.

Techno gently grabs his hands, adjusting where they rest on the handle of the sword.

"You'll want to hold it like this to balance the weight to both of your hands, that way one arm won't be taking on more weight than the other," Techno explains. Tommy adjusts his grip, marveling at the fact that it really *does* make a difference in how comfortable the hold is. Techno nudges Tommy's leg with his hoof, getting Tommy to stand with his feet apart.

"If you stand with your feet at the same width as your shoulders, you'll be harder to knock over," Techno says. The piglin takes a step back, eyeing Tommy's form. "Straighten your back." He suggests. Tommy does, and Techno nods, apparently satisfied with Tommy's stance.

"Good," He says, lifting his own sword. He smiles, a touch ferociously. "Now hit me."

---

Tommy doesn't land a single hit on Techno for the entire hour they're training. Despite the litness in Tommy's frame, and his birthright of agility, Techno dances around him like a bird dipping through the breeze.

Eventually, around the fourth time Tommy is knocked to the ground, he has the unfortunate luck of the back of his head slamming directly into the edge of a bench. He has a moment to think 'aw shit, I was just starting to get the hang of sword fighting' before black stars shimmer in front of his vision and everything goes dark.

---

When he opens his eyes, it is to Techno leaning over him, one hand pressed to his chest and the other holding the comm to his ear, speaking into it more frantically than Tommy had ever heard him speak.

"-he's not moving, there's blood, Phil. I don't know what to-" Techno cuts himself off when he sees Tommy's eyes are open. He hangs up the phone without another word, which Tommy knows is going to freak Phil out, but he can't dredge up the energy to get Techno to call their captain back, so he just groans instead, bringing up a shaking hand to touch his head. It hurts like a bitch.

Techno gently grabs his wrist and lowers it back down to his side. Tommy's whole plan of checking his head is ruined by the fact that the idea slips out of his head like water from between his fingers.

"Tommy, are you with me?" Techno asks, forcefully calm. Tommy can hear the concern running through his voice like a cold undercurrent, barely noticeable, but dangerous all the same. Tommy opens his mouth to answer, but then decides it's too much trouble with the way his head is pounding and closes it again.

He shuts his eyes, why should he bother being awake right now when his head is killing him and it would be so much easier to drift. Techno slaps his face, gently, but it's still a little uncomfortable given the hooves and the stab of pain that comes with his head being moved. Tommy must make some sort of noise at the pain because Techno rips his hand back like he'd been burned.

"Oh gods, Wilbur is going to *kill* me," He mutters, covering his eyes with a hand. Speak of the Devil, Wilbur bursts into the room, rage sparked in his catlike eyes. Phil and Tubbo are close behind, both looking concerned.

"Technoblade!" Wil barks and Tommy makes a pained noise at the sudden loudness. Techno shushes the phantling, and Wilbur looks a bit cowed before slowly walking over to where Tommy is lying. He feels a bit more lucid now, but he doesn't want to open his eyes and see how the room is spinning. He is already close enough to vomiting, thank you very much.

He hears Wilbur crouch down next to him and lay a gentle hand on his face. Tommy leans into the touch, cracking his eyes open a bit.

"I kicked Techno's ass at sword fighting," Tommy slurs, eyes unfocused. Wilbur shoots Techno another glare.

"Do you think you're good to walk to the medbay, mate?" Phil asks, kneeling by his other side. Tommy doesn't nod, he thinks the pain might make him black out again, so he hums out an affirmative instead. He rolls over to his side and manages to get himself upright, however wobbly, before his knees give out and he topples to the side. Techno catches him before he can manage to smack face-first into the floor and give himself a broken nose on top of everything else. Techno frowns at him, lifting him into an awkward bridal carry.

"You good to be carried or are you gonna throw up on me?" Techno asks gruffly. Tommy doesn't respond, only burying his face in Techno's sweater. He's aware of how childish it must look, but he doesn't care about much of anything other than keeping the pain at bay, and the light on his eyes isn't helping that matter in the slightest. Techno sighs and starts walking briskly in the direction of the medical wing of the ship.

Tommy keeps drifting in and out of consciousness, only hearing snippets of the frantic conversation around him. By the time they reach the medical bay he's completely unconscious, much to the distress of his crew.

---

When he opens his eyes again and he's lying down on a white cot that he's grown unfortunately familiar with. He groans, sitting up and rubbing the back of his head. There are stiff white bandages covering the wound, though his hair is still matted with dried blood, and the pain in his head has lessened considerably, which is nice. Tubbo is asleep in a chair next to his bed, book in his lap. One of Tommy's hands is clasped in his, making Tommy smile. He makes no attempt to remove it.

The lights are off, which Tommy thinks is just for the sake of his pounding headache, until he sees the lights in the hallway are off too, meaning it must be night. Shit, so he's been out for a good few hours then.

He lays back down, ready to fall back asleep, when the door to the med bay creaks open. Tommy peeks an eye open, not too concerned about who it may be.

It's Techno, standing in the doorway looking surprised to see Tommy awake. He's holding a basket in one hand, which he shuffles to hide behind his back once he sees Tommy staring at it.

"Hey," Tommy says quietly, not wanting to wake Tubbo.

"I wasn't expecting you to be awake," Techno admits in a whisper. Tommy shrugs.

"Human healing factor, you know how it is. What's in the basket?" No point beating around the bush. Techno sighs and holds the basket out for Tommy to see. Tommy's eyebrows raise in surprise to see the wicker basket piled high with gapples.

"What's this for?" Tommy asks, reaching his hands out for the basket. Techno passes it over to him.

"An apology for hurting you," Techno says, sitting on the end of the bed. "I was too rough while I was training you. I only thought about the fact that humans are tough, not about how young you are and how you've never even held a sword before."

Tommy wrinkles his nose at being called young, but lets Techno get away with it in order to rifle through the contents of the basket.

"If this is what I get when you knock me out I've gotta spar with you more often," Tommy jokes, smile dropping when he looks up to see Techno's pained face. "What's wrong with you?"

Techno leans forward, bumping his forehead with Tommy's. It's gentle enough that it doesn't aggravate Tommy's headache. Techno pulls away, and Tommy stares at him, confused.

"I'm glad you're okay," Techno says before standing up and leaving the room.

Tommy watches him leave, confused, and then looks back down at the basket of apples. A slow smile spreads across his face, remembering what he had read about piglin culture. Gifts of food for those they love, gifts of gold as an apology. This is both.

Tommy blinks, brows furrowing when he remembers another time Techno had given him a gapple, seemingly out of nowhere. Weeks ago, when Tommy had still been stuck in that cell. He had tossed him a gapple when he'd come to visit.

Had that been an apology? A show of affection that Tommy didn't yet understand?

Tommy stares at the wall for a few seconds. He had been apologizing for capturing Tommy, even then, when Tommy was trapped, he had apologized. Now, when he had been hurt again, Techno had seemed more scared than Tommy had ever seen him, carried him to the medbay, *and* brought him an entire basket of gapples as an apology.

Tommy... doesn't need to be afraid anymore.

And if he cries a little when he realizes that, it's because of the head injury. No other reason.



## End Notes

thanks 4 reading! if you liked this please comment and go check out my other fics in this series!!

OH also check out my tumblr [RIGHT HERE](#)  
there's bonus content, art, asks, you name it!

xoxoxoxoxoxo rat :]

## Works inspired by this one

[A Working Radio for a Working Family](#) by [orphan\\_account](#)

[Drugs, Sickness, and The Power of Chocolate](#) by Anonymous

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!